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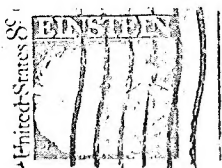


!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!EXTRA*SPECIAL*BONUS***PUBICS*OF*THE*STARS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

BILL PUKA (Columbia C-30357)

Do you wanna puke? Do you wanna puke? Do you wanna puke? Do you
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puke? Do you wanna puke? Do you wanna puke? Do you wanna puke? Do
you wanna puke? Do you? Cause if you do Bill's not the one to help
you out. His name rhymes with hookah, not puke-a. So there.

The Mad Peck

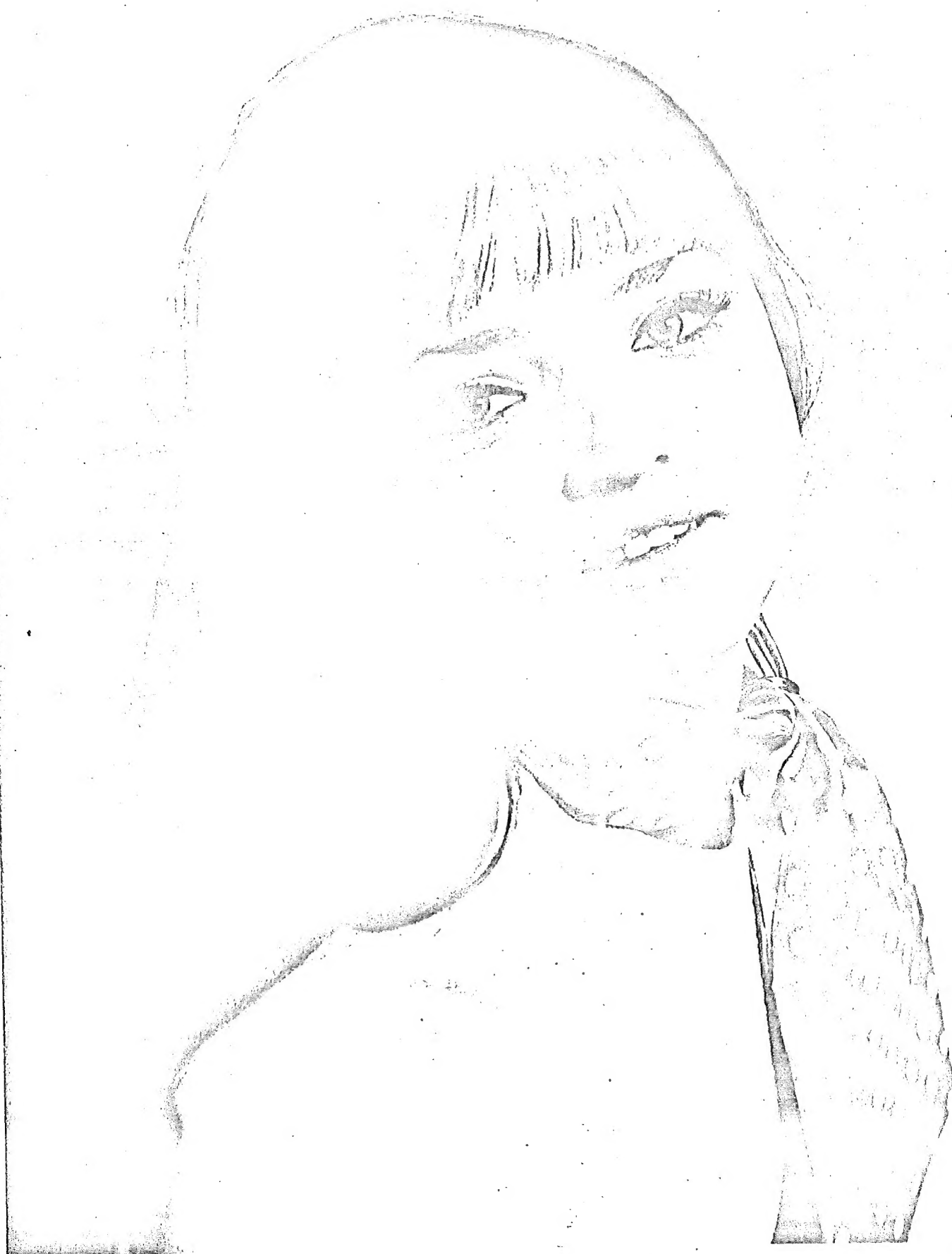


MY DADDY'S THOUSAND DOLLARS/THE LOVE THAT MAMA LEFT, Patti Johnson (MGM K14054)

This is a single, a 45, just two songs, not 12, yet it's quite an important one nonetheless. First, there's no A-side or B-side, they're both of equal status. Second, rumors travel fast and the rumor is that Patti was one of the unfortunate artists dumped by Mike Curb of MGM Records (the young cretin who hasn't done anything useful himself since he did the score ^{for} ~~the~~ The Wild Angels). But what's so unusual about it is that while most Curb busts were drug busts this one--if indeed the rumor is true--is a sex bust. The lyrics are drenched with it throughout both tunes to a degree unsurpassed by even the Kinks' "Lola" or "Louie Louie" by the Kingsmen.

"My Daddy's Thousand Dollars" is an abortion song. But it's still a tale of doubt, she doesn't know if she's actually gonna let them scrape her uterus. But she must, as her family would be disgraced were she ^{not} to terminate the pregnancy. And there's a boyfriend to cry about too, as she must leave him behind as well. Her pops gave her all the money to travel, perhaps get married to Hector, but most of all there's a ticket that she bought him. Apparently mom already knows: "Just my mama's tears to haunt me, she handed me the paper, with the doctor's name and number." So if she knows, then why all the crying by daughter? I mean parents cry over little things all the time, certainly she can outlive it. So then it must be her mate in sin that she's shedding the tears over, only she's trying to make it legitimate by saying it's mom and dad: what a liar! And who ever heard of thousand-dollar abortions? So even if a bust was involved here the release of this single might possibly have been allowed on the grounds that it caters to unwarranted fears about the sexual act. Maybe so.

The story on "The Love That Mama Left" is even older than necrophilia, it's the business about somebody ^{who's} dying giving her permission for you to be as lascivious as possible as long as life flows in your veins. "Mama



didn't take her pocket book and mama didn't take her ^{shoes} ~~shoes~~, I wonder how long the love will last mama left for us to use." In other words mama had a bit of the old itch in her loins even on the death bed and she wished her icy cold daughter to continue the family tradition of fornication forever. But daughter doubts her ability: "I love you enough today to last until tomorrow." But whatever her stud wants she's willing to spread for him: "Take what you need today, and go on out and play." It's okay, even with an uncertain broad such as her, whatever anybody does, she'll have no regrets even if he's out fucking a fish. So in the end she has learned tolerance, whether the gonads involved be hers or someone else's. Mama taught her well.

Could these accounts be true renderings of experience? Not likely if you consider Patti's recent sources of employment. It's true that several years ago she was a whore in Boston but in the last two years she's worked for such record companies as Buddah, Straight, Columbia and Liberty/UA. And her work has been in promotion. Therefore she's had no time to fool around. So the songs are utter fantasies!

Jon Eisen



DANDO SHAFT...AN EVENING WITH (Decca DL75217)

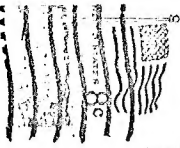
In case you're wondering where the name of the band came from it's the famous world of literature, a book called Dando Shaft by Don Calhoun (Ballantine Books). Flagrantly inventive porno as a matter of fact, quite like The Velvet Underground, which appeared in print at roughly the same time as that non-pushover of a group emerged amidst the myth of perversion their name and association with Warhol afforded them. So before you figure Dando Shaft's another monster of rock and roll excitement stop and look around. Do you see people screaming and dancing over them? Why not? Because they're a pack of duller than dull quasi-folkies and the cover ought to be the first tip-off. A photo with fake corners, the kind you lick to stick them to the page. So fake-looking that you wonder why they bothered following through on the idea.

Harshly sweet pleasant swill is what greets you the second the needle touches down, reminiscent of Johnny Mathis trying to sound Irish while ~~sing~~ singing "I Saw You Coming Back to Me," that caustic Airplane standby. Their lyrics keep pace as best ~~as~~ they can, all about leaves in the country! I tell you! Haven't we all been in and out of the gosh darn country by the time we're 10 or 11 unless transportation is impossible? Some reeded instrument to sound like the second Traffic album gives it all a shepherd's air who cares for sheep?

Then it's "Drops of Brandy" (an instrumental) and it seems they want to be Kaleidoscope (remember them?), the drummer ~~of~~ of whom was so versatile that he got to be on a Johnny Otis special on educational TV. Once in a while, like on "Rain," they're just a buzz^{away} from being Los Indios Tabajaros, those great South American Aztecs (or are ~~they~~ Incas?) who sound almost as good as Django Reinhardt of World War II fame. So if they'd only shut up and stop sounding like Pink Floyd or the Who they'd be a top-50 muzak

instrumental combo. And those bells on "Cold Wind" could be a little more melodic but maybe that's just my Anglo-American response and I shouldn't ask for Debussy when I'm listening to Brahms. "Cat Song" is neither It's A Beautiful Day nor "Dark Star" but there's a fiddle in it and it does sound like the great Dead song but maybe they're just being original and no copy-cats at all. If that's the case what're they in this racket for, who needs the creeps? And why'd a great company like Decca go and waste their beautiful rainbow-colored label x on such a pack of merely serious musicians? And what in the name of all that's weird can it all mean? Please tell me before I die, I've got about 40-50 years to go and I can wait so you don't have to hurry. And if ~~you~~ you're fond of curling you can curl up with Dando Shaft and think it over.

Lillian Roxon



PENROD, Tim Dawe (Straight STS1058)

It's not bad, it's not good, it's not horrible, it's not terrible, it's not really heinous, it's not that new, it's not too exciting, it's not tasteless at all, it's not worth listening to, & it's not worth taking off, it's better on one side than the other, it's not worth more than 55 cents, it's the ideal gift for a butler, it's not much (of an album). But it's as good as Bill Cosby's ~~xxxx~~ Badfoot Brown and the Bunions Bradford Funeral & Marching Band (which sounds like ^{the} a long version of the Stones' "Sing This All Together") and Terry Riley's A Rainbow in Curved Air (not a bad album by a long shot) and Miles Davis' In a Silent Way (which is jazz so it can't be beat) and Sandy Nassan's Just Guitar (very acoustic) and Kris Kristofferson (live), who's as good as Johnny Cash, everybody's favorite proof ^{of two years ago} that country no longer meant Homer & Jethro.

In other words this album should be owned and occasionally played. When you play it on your machine you won't have to play it well, that side of the playing's already been done and it's not half bad. Take the leap and not half bad equals more than half good which equals pretty damn good in anybody's book. The title means he's been reading a book or two himself or he never would've come across Booth Tarkington in a billion years (unless he went back to junior high and he looks too old). But he's also lived quite a bit, as evidenced by his perceptive as hell "Junkie John." Too bad he doesn't sing about Pernod, then there'd be a heap of fun twisting the letters around to come out Penrod (P-E-R-N-O-D, just take the R and stick it after the N).

As far as his singing goes, if he could only hear his own voice he'd be pleased as punch. It sounds like a cat in a duffle bag, in other words he's happy as a lark. The part where he goes "Tum de dum tum" is a real rap on the conk. There's rapping qua talking and there's rapping qua hitting,

in this case it's more of the latter but both types are communicative of the point. And just what exactly is the point? That you don't have to be as young as Laura Nyro or as obnoxious as Janis Ian or as talented as Mark Benno or as lethargic as Roy Drusky or as purposeful as Sweetwater or as credible as Todd Rundgren or as culpable as David Crosby or as enthusiastic as Geoff Muldaur or as arcane as Biff Rose or as adept as Keith Relf or as dynamic as Loudon Wainwright III, you don't have to be any of those things to be merely palatable. It's not that hard you know. Tim Dawe knows, or at least he's a good guesser.

Bud Scoppa

FAT (RCA LSP-4368)

Singers are a dime a dozen, so are guitarists, bass players, keyboard men, drummers and fiddlers. Fat doesn't even have one of each. And yet knock me dizzy with a doily if the album doesn't weigh in at a hefty 3 bucks plus. It isn't a bargain, but neither is anything these days (comic books aren't even worth 15¢ anymore).

With all the occupational hazards inherent in being a rock and roll star these days (if two out of not much more than two really big stars can die like dogs in such a short time) why would such a nice (it sure seems that way from the cover) bunch of kids and their house in the country want to mess with such a deadly business? Talent is why: they're loaded with it, and it doesn't stop with vocalist Peter Newland, himself the spit-tin' image of Neil Young. Neil was never with Earth Opera but somebody else named Peter was and Fat's tunes bear a striking cursory resemblance to that now defunct Boss-Town outfit.

Michael Benson's affinities to McGuinn riffs should come as no surprise either, considering that the tunes sound as much like the Byrds as anything else (well they sound less like the Grape). Steve Miller and Chicago are among Fat's faves too, "Country Girl" is nothing but, and "Over the Hill" is nothing but too. Which doesn't prevent "Duck Sweat" from being top-drawer better-than-Eric-Burdon-ever-was Guess Who mustard ("I love the way you roll me slow") including harp work good enough to stand in line with Bruce Barthol or the Colwell-Winfield Blues Band.

There's a good chance all their friends have this album. But you don't have to be their friend to like it. I, for one, don't like them personally at all and yet I think that musically they're dynamite, they're double dynamite, they're triple dynamite, they're quadruple dynamite, they're quintuple dynamite, they're quintuple dynamite because there's

five of them and-I won't let a day go by without them. Not them but their record. Which is skinny rather than fat, not at all in keeping with their name. And just as skinny and artificial is that bit of hard celluloid known in the music world as a plectrum and which is used to pick strings on a guitar. No not pick meaning select--although they do some of that too--but pick meaning stroke to produce sound. So it's with something that thin that they, with a little help from their friends Mr. Electric Current and Miss Vibrating Molecules Of Air, serve up an appetizing helping of big fat sound. That's what I call teamwork.

And metaphors don't mean shit to an amp.

Ronnie Finkelstein

ALTA MARIE, Richard Dick

This guy's the real McCoy, an authentic Alaska Tlingit Indian, Eagle clan. History says he's the first of his people to compose, sing in English and Tlingit, and accompany himself on electric guitar. Some people have done one or the other, but nobody but Mr. Dick has ever done the whole thing. But there's no real folk archives move up in Alaska so nobody's bothered to convince him to keep his songs as ethnic as possible. So as a result he's made his first album entirely a contemporary ballad tribute to his wife. It seems all the Indian traditionalism he's had to put up with in the famed Days of '98 Show (he's done his act before an estimated 300,000 in the last ten years) has decided him against continuing it on vinyl. But it still shows through.

The material on this disc is divided between the mere love song pap of "Alta Marie" (that's his wife), "Don't You Know," "You Know I Love You," "Don't Ever Leave Me," "I'll Miss You So Much I Could Die," ^{and} "I Love You So Much It Hurts Me," and the geographical incentive for tourists ~~as~~ contained in "Come Home to Skagway Valley" and "In the Valley of the Wind." Skag's supposed to mean wind in Tlingit or Alaskan or something, or maybe it's Skagway that means wind. That's the kind of linguistic gimmick that makes writing lyrics easy as pie. And it's got next to nothing to do with music of primitive peoples or any of that ethnomusicology, it's just a matter of a Grandma Moses type guy generating enough material for an album. Well at least it's naive enough so that skag doesn't mean skag, at least there's no cross-linguistic double entendre.

And the same kind of dumb-ass half-assedhood pervades the way he sings his tales of love. Like the way when an outsider is describing a shithook country singer by saying the guy sings through his nose. Richard doesn't exactly do that but it's in the same ballpark. But he's serious, that's

poignant and
what makes everything so downright laughable. Untarnished by musical training,
well at least he never had any voice lessons, somebody must've shown him
how to pick chords on the guitar. And his picking is minimal accompaniment,
nothing obtrusive or fancy or well conceived, just an occasional twang. And
with the advent of virtuoso guitar playing the twang can be mighty refreshing.
The whole effect is like where you see these movies out of the thirties where
there's a pack of Okies singing and picking on the side of the road but the
guys they hired to play the Okies are slicker than shit and they have trouble
faking being unprofessional and downhome. But with Richard Dick it's the
from the unprofessional side of the fence at their
attempt ~~sort of~~ sort of professionalism that makes him so groovy, particularly
since the attempt fails.

You can order this one from either of two addresses (no it's not in any
store down the block unless you live on the right block): Richard Dick, P.O. Box
226, Skagway, Alaska 99840; Richard Dick, 2705 Mission, Fort Worth, Texas
76109 (that's where his wife's originally from so there must be some business
contact and she's a divorcee so that could explain it).

David Walley

When Bob Luman steps right up the way he does and weaves a story into one of his fancy tunes you know he's living and breathing every single word of it. To sing about life with such a depth of feeling, a man's just got to have had more than his share of the joys and sorrows involved in ^{being} ~~living~~ all that. And to spin his yarns about what he's been through he's got to have a pretty decent understanding of human nature all right, and a fine eye for detail and the sensitivity of an artist. But if the songs that result are to be heard he's got to remain a man unfettered by sensitivity for its own sake, he's got to be (to borrow a famous phrase) a man of flesh and blood. (And don't let it be the flash, the je ne sais quoi that makes things interesting.) For such a man life means life among people, life in a world of man and woman. Hence the key ingredient: love.

Well Honest Bob Luman may not sing about everything guys and gals he has to do with each other in the course of getting to know and love (and, as is sometimes the case, hate) one another, but he sure has put together a fine sampler on this album. For openers there's the title cut, "Is It Any Wonder That I Love You," a testimony to persistence and ultimate survival through the encouragements of a loved one. Sometimes the survival of the relationship itself is at stake, and "Give Us One More Chance" tells of the eventual reconciliation of an apparently failing marriage. "Honky Tonk Man," not to be confused with the Rolling Stones' "Honky Tonk Woman," gives a convincing rationale for the famous male pursuit of--ahem--promiscuity. This exposition of the shallow, trivial, temporary side to the subject of love may seem like a paradox right next to accounts of the divine, eternal variety. But then again, life is paradoxical, right? It's also a constant mystery, with unknown quantities popping out of the bushes all the time with nary an explanation. Such is the case with the sudden reappearance

the flame of love in "You're Making It So Hard for Me to Go." And perfectly opposite situations can exist side to side in the normal course of events. In "A Sorry Excuse for a Man" it's the fellow who's wronged the lady, and in "Your Kind of Man" it's precisely the other way around. As they say in France, c'est la vie!

Continuing the theme of loving and losing due to the wrecklessness of one party alone, "What about the Hurt?" goes further and examines the very nature of love-induced pain and sadness. But that's something that's never a worry for "Freeborn Man," a dude the astrologers would probably call a Venus in Taurus. And speaking of stars and the universe, love's memories can often lead to reveries about memory in its universal form. ^{And} ~~Anyway~~ "A Time to Remember" is just about the sweetest vision of love recalled by a down-home musician on record. Then it's on to funk with "Mobile Satisfaction" ("Sixty-three inches of lovin' action"), an up-tempo salute to a one-and-only far away. Closing things out is "Today I Started Loving You Again," the business of which is the old familiar heartbreak that arises when you've given up someone for lost only to find that the ardor will return again--but only from your side of the fence. Those things happen.

And while Bob Luman isn't the only man who can make them happen, he sure can orchestrate the whole show with magic to spare.

ELLIOTT CARTER: CONCERTO FOR ORCHESTRA/WILLIAM SCHUMAN: IN PRAISE OF SHAHN (CANTICLE FOR ORCHESTRA), Leonard Bernstein & the New York Philharmonic (Columbia M30112)

Jesus, well didja ever! This Elliott Carter whoever he is seems to like spilling every bean in the can as fast as he can. First there's a round of Ornette Coleman cliches, then a round of Van Dyke Parks. Just a couple seconds of each so nothing gets very far. It's a chip off the old "serious music" block, that old gimmick of throwing in snatches of the familiar from out of the world of pop to wake everybody up and gain a little instant spatiality for mere sound that isn't getting anywhere. ^{on its own} Old Mr. Gershwin did it in "American in Paris," y'know a couple of little items in there to summon up images of little Parisians scurrying around chewing gum. Dizzy Gillespie used to throw stuff like riffs from "Grand Canyon Suite" into his solos. I mean it's cute and all that, but y'know. Maybe Carter's stuff isn't even anybody else's material, maybe it's the product of his own fertile imagination. In which case it's just dull anyway. Seems like you just can't win, Elliott!

Imagine some dude the age of your father and mother going around buying Ben Shahn prints and getting them framed for around 50-60 bucks, covered with glass and everything so the signature doesn't fade. You go to their house and see the shit on the wall, all those belabored unfunkily jagged lines and crummy pastel colors representing wonderful social issues. You see the dung and all you can do is fart. Now try to imagine some dumb idiot going around writing a piece of music in Ben Shahn's honor! Somebody gotta be kidding. But not this Schuman aardvark, he even fills in the details in the liner notes: "It is my hope that the music I have created reflects two prominent characteristics of his nature. Shahn, it seems to me, combined a contrasting yet wholly compatible duality--unabashed optimism and a searching poignancy." Come off it, Bill: aren't you a little old to be playing with

the age-old painting equals poetry equals music horseshit. I mean ain't there such a thing as a truism in your book? Don't you know when you're kicking a dead horse? Huh? Speak up, cretin! Like as far as the actual music goes, homogeneous carpet sweepings would be more apt than kind but since I don't like dumb metaphors ~~either~~ by myself any better than by him you can ~~xxxx~~ scrap that one. Let's just say it isn't up to the level established by Jungle Jim movie soundtracks.

Okay, then there's this Leonard Bernstein nonsense. What was the last thing he was affiliated with that wasn't "West Side Story" plus dissonance? He can fool some of the people some of the time, he can... But then again he'll probably be dead by this time 20 years from now.

Richard Robinson

THE ART OF THE IMPROVISERS, Ornette Coleman (Atlantic SD 1572)

The first song the ~~Kaka~~ Beatles ever recorded that they wrote themselves was "Love Me Do" ("Love, love me do, you know I love you, I'll always be true, so plea-ease love me do-oo"). Right, the lyric was a throwaway, so what made it good? The fact that it sounded a lot like Coltrane. Well that was harmonically. Rhythmically it got real insectival in spots and came out like Ornette Coleman. Ornette was still on Atlantic then and he had done lots of albums that got zero-star reviews in Downbeat. Well the first one that they gave him an easy time about was Ornette on Tenor, they gave it five stars and said it was rhythmically the biggest thing since horticulture.

~~Well~~ Well here's the ~~pinpoint~~ point: his best Atlantic stuff was on alto (not tenor, where he sort of came off as an updated Sonny Rollins), and also he was too fuckin much on melodies. His melodies were just too much, he had one right after another, stuff like "Congeniality" and "Lonely Woman" and "Ramblin'" and "Una Muy Bonita." He even did the first bigtime utterly dissonant version of a familiar ballad, "Embraceable You" with Don Cherry. Well the thing about this album is here's Ornette and his melodic goodies again, cuts that he did with Atlantic that could easily have been on any of the old albums but somehow weren't. But could have been. But weren't. So now that Ornette's gone from Atlantic to Blue Note to Flying Dutchman ^{back at Atlantic} they've gotten the bright idea to finally put them all out on one disc, all the stuff that could easily have been on any of the old albums. But weren't. But could have.

What's more is on this one it's the alto that runs the show, ^{and} Cherry's there and there's lots of different other guys like Scott ~~La~~Faro and Charlie Haden and Billy Higgins and Ed Blackwell (Charlie and Ed are with him today so there must have been some real good affinity over all these years). And ~~had~~

he's got some holy hell of a dandy titles this time and they're different from the old sort. Ornette used to say stuff like that certain states of consciousness could only be rendered via certain blues progressions, y'know music could be brought into very specific relationship to human moods. So when he did those old simple titles it was not just a Mingus-type tone poem or any of that but a real Plato one-on-one formal statement of the structure of the universe including man, that sort of thing. Well things must have gotten pretty far out or excessively literary in the intervening years because these titles are a real change of pace. I don't think they could've been the original titles or maybe they were untitled until he put them on for this retrospective. Since I don't know maybe I'll just go and call him up (he's in the phone book, 212 533-5837) and ask him. But in the meantime just dig on his titles, things like "When the Eighth of the Fifth" and "Central Parkland Often" and "Colors Int."

But most of the fun is in the listening. This is the album of the month.

Lisa Robinson

BOBBY VINTON

A name has a way of saying a lot about a person.

Take Bobby for instance. The name Bobby has got to be one of the A-1 handlebars in all the world of pop. There's Bobby Vee, there's Bobby Rydell, Bobby "Blue" Bland, Bobby Goldsboro, Bobby Freeman, Bobby Comstock, and Bobby Darin. Bobbie Gentry and Bobbi Martin too. Somebody named Bobby Buntrock used to play the little kid with the werewolf face on The Munsters. The Yankees once had Bobby Richardson at second base. Bobby Sherman's been on the cover of Tigerbeat for the last nineteen issues. Even Bobby Kennedy had a lot more to do with the world of entertainment than either John or Ted. There's something youthful and bouncy yet substantial about the name and Bobby Vinton kind of sums it up better than anyone else. Several of these Bobby's have come and gone and he's still a tower of quiet strength. But he's the biggest Bobby for a more important reason. After all, whose achievements in song have become more a household staple than those of this particular Bobby? He was not only born a Bobby, he even worked at achieving it. For what does Bobby suggest more than sheer familiarity?

This Bobby has a family name too, but one a little more mysterious. Of course there's a hint of vim in Vinton but it's a lot closer to vin as in coq au vin and in vino veritas. Chicken in wine sauce and in wine there is truth, food for the inner man and the roots of philosophy. Stretch it a bit and it's the late Vince Lombardi, the symbol of courage, steadfastness and integrity. And whatever it is there's a ton of it up his sleeve. Maybe there'll even be a Vintown somewhere sometime, but Bobby wasn't born and raised there.

He hails from Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, a suburb of Pittsburgh. Yes it's a suburb but his folks were no mean suburbanites. And if you've ever stuck your head inside the smokestacks of Pittsburgh you know that small

distances are no real separation from the problems of city survival. Bobby's dad Stan Vinton worked in the local Coca-Cola bottling plant and spent the rest of his time attaining a large following as the best band leader in town. By the time he was 15, Bobby had himself founded a band of local renown. To make things pleasantly short it could be stated that the rest is history.

But history is rarely a bed of roses, even considering Bobby's "Roses Are Red" and "Red Roses for Mom." You see, musical importance in Canonsburg was all relative to the accomplishments of fellow hometown^aer who earlier had made good on a wider stage. That fellow was Perry Como. Now in those days Perry not only sang up a soft storm to the tune of a trillion dollars a year but he also had a major league Saturday night TV show. It was only natural to expect Perry to extend the hand of assistance to at least an occasional young hometown upstart but it never happened. Now that Perry's doing nothing much more than camera commercials it never will. But Bobby'd be the last one to need it now. And besides, Bobby's fans had the last laugh on dear Perry one fine day at the Chicago airport when his plane arrived to the roar of a crowd with a banner proclaiming, "Our Favorite Singer--Bobby Vinton."

Well in the meantime Bobby did lots of band work, backing up people like Fabian, never getting further toward his musical goal than Philadelphia. He cut a couple of albums featuring mostly his talents with various horns and big orchestrations. But by and large it was in the service of other people's vocal cords that ~~his~~ he devoted his musical energy. Finally it was time for his own warm, relaxed approach to songsmanship to assume command. His sincerity could no longer be kept waiting in the wings and the gold records struck like thunder as he sent a generation swooning.

Yet all this time he's never stopped being the boy next door, in real

life as well as in song, even though ~~th~~ his door has moved its hinges to Long Island. The guys at the Great Bear tire shop know him as the soft-spoken star who comes in for good conversation even when his tires have all their tread. "He's no star, he doesn't behave like one, he's just an average guy," and that's a compliment. And no one grieved more for the departed Sam Cooke than did Bobby, who at the time shared a manager with that great man of soul. "I've said it before and I'll say it again, Sam Cooke was a great ~~performer~~ performer. And from everyone who's worked with him--a great human being." Precisely the description so many have heaped upon the speaker himself.

So in both communities based on geography and those centered around the music industry and its followers, Bobby Vinton is a man of nearly universal respect. He could easily seek to stir up controversy in his career in order to promote himself by means of that currently fashionable--yet passing--variety of flash, but it simply is not his style. Playing at both the Junior Inaugural Ball for Tricia Nixon and the first rally of the Youth Citizens Committee for Luci and Lynda Bird Johnson is controversy enough.

So what's left for Bobby now that so much has been accomplished? Actually, about the only unfinished business would be getting his hair and eye ~~xxx~~ colors right on an album cover. They've been different so many times and bad printing's the only explanation. Well this time the ~~xxx~~ colors you see are--abracadabra--correct. Now his life's complete!

R. Meltzer

All sorts of people are gonna say that taking Altamont as entertainment is like buying Dachau lampshades. But the actual killing scene in Gimme Shelter is undramatic and indistinguishable from the rest of the fights (just like at the actual event) and the fights aren't much more than kids throwing erasers at the teacher as far as interrupting the music on stage. Guys would play and once in a while they'd stop, more out of annoyance at fights in their presence than because of actual harm to their persons. Except for Marty Balin, the only big hero of the whole show, who leaped down from behind his mike to break up a fight. The Angels got him with pool cues or fists and feet and the Airplane stopped playing. They were vulnerable and thus they were responsible citizens but not so for the Stones.

Mick had this Angel a few feet from where he stood who had murder in his eye but nobody laid a hand on Mr. Jagger, he was the reason for the whole thing so busting him one in the chops was no go. But when the music was over there wasn't much go as far as anything was concerned, people just waited for it to begin again. Then whammo, music starts and the fans rush for the stage and ^{for} the musicians suddenly musical once more. Mick stopped singing during "Sympathy for the Devil" to hit everybody with a peace-brothers-and-sisters urgent message but as soon as it was over they began the song from the top again.

All motion was rock and roll. The whole picture was rock and roll, that's all there was that counted. The Stones at Madison Square-Garden, the Stones recording "Wild Horses" at Muscle Shoals, the Stones following Tina Turner fondling the mike head. "Satisfaction" had a brand new "I'm gonna git, gonna git it, git it, git it" part but most of the stuff was just about right off the Ya Yas album so it wasn't the greatest. But it was rock, rock, rock and roll and the picture had more of it per minute than anything has ever had, and that includes all the festival movies, Help!, Don't Knock the Rock, Ferry Cross the Mersey and The Girl Can't Help It. It's the best rock movie so far.

ALTAMONT (edited by Jonathan Eisen. Avon, 272 pp., \$1.25)

The Book of the Month Club's latest offer is Tale of Two Cities by David Copperfield. Everybody's read that one and even if they haven't who would want to? Yet if they were giving away a contemporary classic such as Altamont, edited by Jonathan Eisen, I'd sign up today and send all my friends a gift subscription. Altamont may have been forgotten but at least now it's not gone. That's the festival where those charter members of the lunatic fringe caused a rumpus while only Marty Balin got his dukes up in defense of human life and dignity. Meanwhile Mick hoisted a cool pint of Lehr's Weisser Traubensaft under the most trying conditions. In fact he almost did not play at all and go on to produce one of the most exciting performances of his long and exciting career.

So say several of the very honest (each passed a lie detector test before his or her manuscript was accepted for publication) eyewitnesses who were there to render a detail by detail description of everything that was anything that happened that fateful day in late fall. The Angels have been completely exonerated as we knew they would be and, as reported by Lar Tusb, the Conjars M.C. of Portsmouth, Wisconsin, has been made to shoulder a good deal of the blame. Robert Somma's excellent piece is noteworthy as a keystone of revelation, everything we never knew is in there, such as Mrs. John Lennon was once Mrs. Tony Cox and Altamont took place on December 6, not December 5 as originally reported. The Ralph Gleason piece is the finest bundle of moral outrage since the original Martin Luther five centuries ago, and the Sonny Barger interview comes in second. Also there's that great photo of the fat slob whose harsh nakedness incited the whole thing.

The Altamont movie won't be out for many moons and dads and granddads from hill to valley will go away thinking it took place since the Woodstock movie rather than between Woodstock and the movie; but with this book in

in your possession you can point out the date with your index finger and set them straight. Thus it is indeed valuable to have, to read, to own. It's a nice addition to the annals of bookdom as well as rock history too.

Nick Tosches

ONE KISS LEADS TO ANOTHER, Hackamore Brick (~~Rumble~~ Kama Sutra KSBS 2025)

Wotta super group! And who ever heard of them? Nobody because they're from Brooklyn. What a place to hide the American version of the Zombies! If you remember the Zombies ("She's Not There," "Whenever You're Ready") you know they never turned out decent albums, maybe one or two good cuts and that was all, the rest was just high-intensity filler. But it was all misty, low-keyed and full of organ, and the songs were always about one anguished subject or another. Their anguish was so out of context in the early joy years of the English invasion that they were relegated to some dismal corner of the whole show.

Yeah but in the intervening years the general anguish level has risen greatly, putting things almost on a par with 1956, rock's big keystone year and the subject of all those rock revival attempts. What these boys do is capture something ambiguously related to both 1965 (rock's greatest year) and 1956 and come out in control of both to a degree never really accomplished either time around. There's no rock revival shuck in "I Watched You Rhumba." If you didn't read the title on the label you might've thought it was "I Watched You Rumble," particularly since there's also a cut called "Zip Gun Woman" on side two. What's the difference what he's watching, a rumble or a rhumba? They're both of another weird era, each with its own eroticism of movement and violence. Dances have been the vogue ever since the Family Dog concerts in the now-famous San Francisco. But who ever did the rhumba there? Wouldn't you fall over if you saw somebody doing it? Sure you would and that's the story of the song. "You've got a heart sweet as a country cider" is the discovery close on the heels of the dancing business, and who could ever pass that by, particularly with the likelihood that the cider's natural and organic. In other words, Hackamore's grounded the last 20 years of chemistry in one moment which equals the whole thing.

That's the moment when rock and roll is played. Or listened to. Like on "Radio." "AM, FM, AM, PM, all day, all night radio" is where it's at, whether it's in a car involved in a drag or anywhere else. It's all the same place when the rock switch is turned on. In these days of rock doldrums you've gotta think hard to remember what that was like. Meanwhile Hackamore just plays on and on as if nothing had ever changed. And it's not merely a sincere attempt or an attempted sincerity, it's all your original high-school-gym basketball-court football-dance practice-once-or-twice-a-week practitioners of the more mystical elements of what the big beat has always boiled down to: arrogant amateurism. Not a matter of unpretentious or any of that, just pleasant as hell.

Karin Berg

UNCLE CHARLIE & HIS DOG TEDDY, Nitty Gritty Dirt Band (Liberty/LST 7642)

Sure it's folk. Meaning that~~at~~ it's a traditional non-mainstream approach to lots of disparate musical junctures that have fallen by the wayside over the years and are all folky, hokey and funky. In that sense it's a good deal more folk than James Taylor with or without strings. This is of the same stuff that folk is made of (if it's made at all anymore these days), whereas the only thing that can be said about the folkishness of, say, Joni Mitchell is that she isn't too slick yet and her lyrics are sensitive.

Well now here I am, I'm just gonna turn around and say it's all rock too. Yeah it's rock too. But just too. Rock in the service of folk, or vice versa, like what was on the Stones' mind when they did "Factory Girl" and "Dear Doctor"? Like it was something focused towards something else, not just a synthesis, but something and something ^{else} for the sake of direction and geography. Anyway the Dirt Band's version of Buddy Holly's "Rave On" is certainly no rock powerhouse, it's electric and all that but there's also a harp in it and yesterday's piano rolls, it's sort of like what John Hammond (Junior) used to do with Chuck Berry. That's when they called John folk rather than blues. That's the kind of distinction that fits the Dirt Band.

Okay so they do this song by Mike Nesmith called "Some of Shelly's Blues," it's a real rouser and it's a ballad and Jimmy Ibbotson's vocal just carries it on and on. But wait a minute, Mike Nesmith was a Monkee, ~~xxx~~ everybody's favorite forgotten symbol of who can remember what. But before that he was a folky or a country singer or something like that, and the stuff he's written over the years isn't half bad. By mining for stuff like his the Dirt Band is doing a pretty good job reforesting the ^{folk} whole terrain ~~xxxxxx~~ thought devastated by all the many Kingston Trio type hacks who didn't even know how to steal from tradition with the proper camouflage. They're making folk live

again by means of gimmicks refined from its imitators.

Like there's a song about the Yukon Railroad on side one that sounds pretty much like early Moby Grape with a Bob Weir vocal (Jeff Hanna's the Dirt Bander doing the honors). Well that's just nothing but redirecting the C & W energies of two C & W-derivative groups. Not making them C & W again or making them glisten with archaeology the way the Dead does, but making it something more than mere content and mere nostalgia. How much more? Hmm, that much more.

The real Uncle Charlie is on side two, but present tense applies just to his voice since he's dead as a doornail. Teddy's there too, demonstrating how good he can bark to "Rock of Ages." Some Dirt Banders recorded the dynamite duo shortly before their retirement from the planet, and for that they deserve to go down in folk archives history. From him they go right into "Mr. Bojangles," an appropriate tribute to the old geezer and many others like him. But "Prodigal's Return" is no tribute to the old guard, it's a marching, charging song of revolution. And it's better than both "Revolution" and "Street Fighting Man" put together. But--due to its controversial subject matter and slam-bang arrangement---it'll never get any air play if they make it into a single, so you'll just have to buy the album.

Jim Nash

IF² (Capitol SW-676)

Many a young heart will throb as the latest If album is played on turntables and radios blasting everywhere. While they play "Your City Is Falling," "Sunday Sad," "Tarman T. Pirate and the Lonesome Nymphomaniac" and similar songs, the listener (most likely a white female, age 13) can thumb through pages of pictures of the teen idols as children in her favorite magazine. This Capitol release is called If Squared and not If Two, an employment of mathematical jargon possibly over the head of many young students. But the wonderful and thrilling ~~xxx~~ melodies and excursions of the rhythmic and harmonic pulsebeat of the new sound are totally accessible to ears of all ages.

Let's look at it this way: Chicago is better than Blood, Sweat & Tears but is Dreams better than Chicago? Quite a tough one to answer but If is better than all three put together. Not only that but it's not even a multiple of their additive abilities, it's more like them times themselves as good. An analogy would be Quincy Jones compared to Stanley Kenton, only you have to be careful when you're doing multiplication that it's not a fraction times a fraction. When you do that it comes out smaller than you started with. But in If everything is whole, entire, and at least equal to one or more. Dick Morrissey plays tenor sax, soprano sax, flute and arrangements, all four of them. J.W. Hodgkinson does vocals and percussion, two important and difficult duties. Put the two of them together, as happens on "A Song for Elsa, Three Days before Her 25th Birthday," and it's all hell breaking loose.

And loose is just the word for it. It's none of this "tight" stuff that's so popular today, nor is it any of that "free form" that jazz-maniacs find in vogue. It hangs loose but it doesn't hang in midair waiting for a cloud to come along and let it fall with the rain. Rain goes into

the sea and the sea flows to England, home of If. Yet they recorded it in New York just to prove how international hard-rocking good music can be. ~~But~~ And the press release on ~~that~~ it came out of Los Angeles, home of Liza Williams. Liza's got herself a superific hot combo here, oh no it's not hers, she just writes about them from time to time and xeroxes up what other guys have to say about them. Stuff like "Musically the group is tight with the only drawback being a lack of stage presence by vocalist J.D. Hodgekinson when he isn't singing. But this is unimportant since it has little to do with with music, and the music is all that counts."

I couldn't agree with that journalist more, only somebody ought to pay his scholarship and send him to spelling school, and adjective school too. Can you guess his name? George Knemeyer.

James Cotton

SEATRIN, Capitol SMAS-659

They had one before but the title of it wasn't SeaTrain, it had a different personnel. Peter Rowan was in Earth Opera then, the greatest band renowned around ^{the} ~~the~~ town. But the town was Boston, not famous for its taste, the only thing good there's the beans. The cemeteries are all right too. But there's nobody alive in them, Peter was alive so he wasn't in one. Now he's in ~~El~~ California so it's no problem being musically excellent.

Same goes for Andy Kulberg. He used to live in windy and cold New York in an apartment that's sort of a monument to fame and fortune. He lived in it when he was with the Blues Project, then Floyd Peterson lived in it when he was producing Pound, then Richard Landis of Spencer Davis moved in, and now Borneo Jimmy lives there. If you've ever been there you can feel the intensely religious musical vibrations in the walls so you know that Andy had it all down before he ever split for the coast. He split because of the eye itches New York air gave him. Eye itches are different from other ~~xxx~~ itches. Eye itches are so vastly different from other itches that almost no comparison is substantial or happy.

But I'll bet my bottom dollar Andy's mighty happy with his latest SeaTrain. Not only are they the best SeaTrain ever but three shakes of a lamb's ~~xxx~~ ~~xxx~~ tail'll tell you it's the finest splinter off the old Blues Project so far ever. Blood, Sweat & Tears, Al Kooper, Tommie Flanders, Danny Kalb & Stefan Grossman, none of those are worthy of merit. Come to think of it, neither was last year's SeaTrain album on A&M. But this one's a honey.

And twice as sweet. Sweeter than wine too and the lyrics are liberally sprinkled with its fragrance. Such as in a ditty entitled "I'm Willin'" which features the best punchline since Kokomo's "Asia Minor": "If you give me weed, whites and wine, show me a sign, and I'll be willin', to keep on

movin'." Get it? He's a truck driver!

And the ~~damn~~ drums! Mother-fucker! Those drums are gr-r-r-r-reat, faintly reminiscent of Olatunji and his ethnic sounds from the Dark Continent. Could it be there's some influence afoot? Hmm, the Blues Project used to play the Cafe au Go-Go and so did the fabulous Olatunji himself--Babatunde to his friends--so some of it must have rubbed off. Anybody can beat sticks against a stretched skin but to impart fascinating rhythms to the percussion is an other matter entirely. A matter of Larry Atamanluk.

And influence is not only a one-way street, it's obvious Randy Burns & the Skydog Band have been catching up on their SeaTrain lessons lately or Vernon Gibbs wouldn't be praising them so highly. And it's all because of the fiddle, Richard Greene (but not the one who played Robin Hood) on the fiddle. Why that Dick's a reg'lar fiddlin' fool! Having less classical training than Papa John Creach helps, he's the Mr. Natural of the violin. But the best song on the album is "13 Questions."

Sandy Pearlman

THE AGE OF ROCK 2, edited by Jon Eisen, Vintage Books, 329 pages

I may be included in this anthology myself, but that doesn't bias my judgment at all since I don't read. But that hasn't hindered my decision that this is a valuable little book, especially in paperback since it's thinner and cheaper than the hardbound. Just in glancing over all the ~~xxxx~~ pages I've been able to tell that the content of this book surpasses that of any prior anthology in the field of rock journalism ^{per} ~~xxx~~ se.

First of all there's Bobby Abrams' "What Motherfuckin Heavies," a grossly accurate portrait of those sordid limeys known as the Rolling Stones. One of ~~Bob's~~ Bob's best techniques is his multi-leveled plagiarism, just one reading will hit you with thousands of familiar items tailor-made just for you the suspecting/unsuspecting mere reader. One of Bob's favorite sources is in the volume too, none other than Sandy Pearlman. Sandy's piece, "Saucer Lands in Virginia," published originally in the original Crawdaddy!, paved the way for hack science-fiction analysis ~~of~~ of everything from rock and roll to the space program of the U.S. of A. But rock was the essential starting~~ing~~ point, yes it was. Now rock's dead and Sandy's living in the obscurity of Smithtown, Long Island. Since he'll most likely never be heard from again, his piece here is must reading for all historians of the 16th century.

As usual there's a Robert Somma piece. Piece of what? That's not an easy question. Piece about what? That's easy, it's all about that horrible fraud perpetrated by MGM known as the Bosstown Sound. That was way before the emergence of Mike Curb, and ~~in~~ fact the dismal failure of the Bosstown project is what directly paved the way for Curb's emergence. Thus don't miss "The Boston Sound Revisited," I read it when it first appeared in Fusion and I don't remember a thing about it except that it wasn't half bad and it had a decent illustration accompanying it. The illustration's been separated

bodily from the story of which it was an integral part, but if you have somebody read it to you over the phone it won't make a difference anyhow.

Lenny Kaye is the second tallest writer on the New York scene (Ed McCormack is the first) but his "The Best of Acapella" is taller still. It's not a tall tale, it's true and all that but it's tall in scope, the finest archaeology about a difficult subject since Van Morrison's "Mystic Eyes." Lenny not only knows the matter of his subject but he even throws in a little extra, as if anything could be extraneous when acapella is considered. Take away the band playing and you're left with just the singing. Vocals have always been the backbone of rock but what about the big beat? Lenny gets out of that one unscathed. And he's from New Jersey so he's lengthy on the soul as well, as his writing projects a warmth uncommon in the literature of music.

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But there are some negative aspects this book that mere hogwash cannot argue around. Borneo Jimmy's "George Ratterman" seems to be the stuff that bad dreams are made of, very bad ones in fact. Delgy and the cicotée; your father's mustache! Lar Tush's piece on the death throes of San Francisco speaks in a tone of illiteracy only a dummie utterly foreign to the rock scene could develop. Aliens are welcome of course, but stupidis I don't know! But then again tolerance must be the key one critic uses in judging another's scribblings. Not professional courtesy or any of that, just a grain of nicety because everybody deserves to make a buck at the old typewriter. Thanks to Mr. Eisen we all have.

Jon Tiven

EGO, The Tony Williams Lifetime (Polydor 24-4065)

This is a damn good Ron Carter album. He really gets to be heard, his bass is recorded just right and that's sort of a rarity for him. He used to never get heard at all. Like he used to play live with stuff like the Sonny Rollins Trio and even though there was no piano to drown him out he was inaudible. So three cheers for him and whoever produced it, let's see, it's produced by Jack Lewis and Tony Williams. Good for Tony, he doesn't play as good as Sunny Murray but what's the diff?

No diff because this is at least two-thirds the way there. Lots of stuff is only around one-third or less, stuff like the Soft Machine and Weather Report and Miles' latest blazing unit. You know, lots of jive-ass out-in-space tinkle-tinkle packaged as neat as a pin. When this tinkles it isn't neat, it's sloppy with plenty of English-sounding organ by Khalid Yasin. It's as sticky as peanut butter but there are real big hunks of real peanut in it, not just traces of crunch.

There's even a Martin Denny cut on the album, "Piskow's Filigree." Is a Piskow a cow that pisses? Martin Denny's "Quiet Village" must've been somewhere along the Amazon or at least in South America somewhere or at least Nicaragua. But this thing by Tony must be Africa, it probably is. Good movie music and come to think of it it's the music from Man and a Woman, that's exactly what it is, that's what's so familiar about it. Once again, good Ron Carter, without him any indication of melody would just be soft-shoe stridency but he really anchors it all in terms of direction, he pulls it all up and puts it in the bag marked popcorn good enough to eat rather than just ^{for} throw^{ing} at the parade. On "Two Worlds" the entire whole official whole show melodically is Ron, Ron plucking away and that's pretty good because he even went to one of those schools,

Berklee School of Music or one of those places mentioned in Downbeat. So even though he didn't play hooky he ended up all right.

And Tony's butter on "Clap City" is pretty good too. He starts it off with a vocal statement and a giggle, actually it's more like a half a laugh and then the claps come in. Good claps too, on and off the beat and all over the map as far as 54 seconds go. Any longer ~~xx~~ than that and it would be a merely significant statement about clap orchestration but he avoided such seriousness. And he also avoided any puns as far as the clap goes. He could have had a chorus of moans and drips but he didn't, all he had was the claps and the percussion. It's even too short to applaud and it's just a warmup anyway so all the claps are self-contained so "Clap City" ends up as it began, with exclusive control of a limited amount of hand activity.

"Some Hip Drum Shit" isn't really hip and it isn't really shit but it's a good thing it's short nonetheless, he keeps his short stuff at the beginning of each side, which is plenty okay. A little too symphonic, whatever that means, but drums were always the best part of the symphony orchestra back when they used to take you there in junior high and so were the tympani. Everything's good, nothing's bad, there are no bad minutes and few dull seconds and ~~xx~~ the dull is always functional ~~ad~~ and jazzwise it's swell and rockwise it's swell so it's a good album and that's that.

But they could've done without ~~the~~ the Procol Harum-Jack Bruce-Ricky Nelson-Carl Wilson vocals stuck in every once in a while but that's just THIS writer's ego superimposed on a good thing. It's a good thing is exactly what it is. I mean it's pleasant and it's high energy and so it's gotta be good, right?

Bobby Abrams

JUKIN', The Manhattan Transfer and Gene Pistilli (Capitol ST-778)

Well it's okay and all that ~~uh~~ and the dullest part of it sure isn't the record itself. No the dullest part is the hideously ugly, disgusting, repulsive, ugly, hideous Capitol record label on the record. It's one of those olive green jobs but not even just olive green. There's a dab of white mixed in so it's lighter than ordinary olive and not as colorful. As if it's even colorful to begin with. Well it's got a color but it's not an exciting one and you won't find it in the rainbow (remember when Capitol used to have those great black labels with the rainbow on them in the days of the Beatles?). And there's that very worthless C-for-Capitol logo in purple, ordinarily a great color but not when it's stuck being neighborly with olive. And if you don't think a bad label interferes with listening pleasure you've got another think coming, you've gotta be a meditation weirdo or something not to notice it. And even if you don't notice it how can you ever forget it?

And just think about the way you're supposed to be tolerant of the way certain musicians are tolerant of certain other musicians. Like these Manhattan Transfer people go ahead and do all that old shit that other dumb bunnies are always going around doing, the kind of old stuff that a few years ago was regarded as camp and left at that. Then with the onrush of psychedelia it got writ down as far out weird scenes and stuff like that and it was still the same easily forgotten old shit. Then there was the Beatle double album and the whole thing got regarded as something else another time. But it's all always the same stuff and if you're tolerant of it you're a better man than I. Like why be tolerant of such swill?

And also there's the business of that insidious menace called folk sneaking in again. It sneaked in behind the Mamas and the Papas, it

sneaked in via Jim Kweskin, it's sneaking in all the time. And who knows if it's even folk, maybe it's just vaudeville. But whatever it is it sucks and should be ignored to the fullest. It's also borderline easy-listening/easy-ignoring so go ahead and ignore it.

Especially ignore "Java Jive" on side two. It's the old famous song about "I love coffee, I love tea" that used to pop up once in a while in Bugs Bunny cartoons and they do it just like the Mamas and the Papas. I saw Lou Reed and his girlfriend Betty harmonize and come off sounding like the Mamas and the Papas and they're only two voices so I know how easy it is to sound like the Mamas and the Papas. So this is easy-performing stuff too. And they probably got a heap big advance of around more than a hundred dollars apiece but don't buy it.

Danny Goldberg

Velvet Underground's fabulous fourth album is out now and it's ~~xxxx~~ ^{their} best ever. Also it's probably their last with Lou Reed aboard ship. Lou's flown the coop due to internal hassles and a touch of sudden insanity. It's just as well for him because he's more than likely in a better world than ever since the whole group concept was always his and he's probably taken it along with him. But Sterling Morrison is still around and so are his magnificent ~~x~~ large fingers. There are no strings or frets that escape his clutches and a geetar pick was never safer in a gentleman's grasp. Doug Yule plays a mean bass (he's from Great Neck and Lou's from Valley Stream) like he was Bill Wyman's brother and in fact he's got a brother and the brother plays drums. Not just anywhere but for the Velvets now that Maureen's laid up with urethritis. Put them all together they spell g-r-e-a-t s-h-o-w. One of the secrets of great show is great material and they've got themselves a plethora. "New Age" is the finest song of its kind since the First Edition's "Something's Burning." I don't know what kind that is but I do know they're both humdingers and they're both similar. Then there's "You're Over The Hill Right Now" which is so close to the last 10 seconds of Moby Grape's "Someday" that if you were their mother you wouldn't be able to tell 'em apart and you'd be glad you had 2 winners. The latest rumor is that Lou is about to join up with Lenny Kaye and Richard Robinson as the lead guitarist of Man Ray. No rumor at all is that he's written 28 new songs in the past two weeks, that's what ~~the~~ idleness can breed!

Speaking of Richard Robinson, he's the same one famous for his former WNEW-FM show of last summer. When it comes to picking namesakes I don't mess around, they gotta be good ones. The first and only Richard (that's my middle name) in the whole wide world of rock and roll I ever identified with because of a first ^{or middle} name (I wasn't about to find one with the same last name as you can

guess with a moniker like ^{McDormack} ~~McDormack~~ was Little Richard. Add to him Richard Penniman and you got 2 and now there's a third: Richard Robinson, born and raised in Brightwaters. And the man behind the name is as close to a Richard as you can get and his last name is a good one to go along with it. What's he good for? You gotta be kidding since you must know that in addition to his long list of credits in the journalism department he is producer of the Flamin Groovies. Lucky for him there ain't a Richard in the band or he'd lose some of his lustre in my eyes and it's a ~~luxur~~ lustre he deserves so I'm glad for him since he's a Jim Dandy of a producer. They've got a great record company behind them, a really, really great one which can mean only one out of all of them: Buddah. Not Buddah proper but something even better: Kama Sutra. Which means one of those great new labels neatly glued to the great coal black disc, in fact there's 2 of them, one on each side! They're pink with green, aqua and orange buddahs all over it. And it's one case where you can judge a book by looking at the cover because it's good, good, good and then some.

Here's one that's really gonna break from coast to coast and ~~xxx~~ border to border: "I Live in an Oyster" by Tina Wiesensthal.

A number of events at Stony Brook have apparently been shut down due to bomb scares. One of them was a physics test (that's good), another was a concert (that's bad). But Halloween nite had the Grateful Dead up and winging for about a thousand hours of non-stop playing and exciting. They didn't perform "Black Peter" but they didn't have to, ^{there} ~~there~~ was just no need for the blues & on such a big evening as that. They could be the biggest thing since the Crusades. If not it will be either Healthy Sunrise, Which Buzzy, Saxon Danova, Kooch Diver, Thousand Levered Thrust, Monady Funday Sextet, Ornette Coleman, Virtue in Doral, the Kids, Bippy & Fido, Bobby Abrams, the aforementioned Van Ray, the Spout Honkers, Large Keg, Show Madness, God's Honest Truth, My Precious Hayfire, the new Grace Slick group, Kelp Honey Whistle, Love Sculpture, or Sarly.

Not being much of an advocate of the Broadway stage, I was wary as to what to expect from a theater thrice removed from Broadway and specifically devoted to the entertainment of the young folk. Amusements catering to an age-delineated group are always suspect. I mean who's to say that a thirty-year-old won't like what a three-year-old likes and vice versa? As for myself, I would much rather be associated with something designated as a children's thing than that labeled adult--or so I thought until I started attending these things.....Plays are plays^{are plays} and "Hansel and Gretel" is no exception. There are plenty of Hansels and Gretels around, so if you're really into Hansel and Gretel you'll have no problem. But the production at Provincetown Children's Theater, 133 Macdougall Street, is called "Hansel and Gretel" while the one at the Royal Playhouse, 219 2nd Avenue, is called "Hansel & Gretel," so I attended the one at the Royal Playhouse, figuring anyone kinky enough to use an ampersand can't be all bad. Or can he? Well the Royal Playhouse ain't no ~~pkuxx~~ palace as you might already have guessed. But the people involved are more than devoted and the atmosphere is friendly. Rose Lynch the producer ushered me to what I^{would} assume was the best seat in the house. She is very proud of her little play, because when I mentioned to her about all the Hansel and Gretels around she said, "But I've been doing mine for 6 years," and the program certainly bears her out. I have never seen anything with such a change of personnel. Why just when I was beginning to enjoy David Feinberg on piano she ran over and crossed out his name and wrote

Mooney

Michael in its place. Well Michael was very good but you got the feeling his heart just wasn't in it. But how enthused could a guy get playing "With your hand you clap, clap, clap, with your feet you tap, tap, tap," a number which seemed to be the high point of the first act? I had planned to say only nice things about this play because I had indeed been treated in a "Royal" manner, the theater was almost void of paying customers, and from what I overheard everyone involved seemed to have such a big stake in the whole project. But how could I in all honesty say only good things about something I actually did not enjoy. Well the question we must ^{now} ask is, is there a reason for this brand of theater to survive? I don't know, but since I've already attended the choice is now yours.

The admission is \$1.50 and there are group rates so why not go and try it out, maybe you'll have a little fun for an hour (because that's how long it lasts), who knows?.....Another thing I saw in connection with this project was the Bill Baird Marionettes in "Winnie the Pooh." This is really a moneyed production. The music is very cute and the scenery moves. I was very disappointed with Christopher Robin. First off, he was the only human puppet and he looked very ugly. He had blond mop hair and his voice was that of a middle-aged female. I'm not just saying this, I know because after the performance all the characters were introduced and Christopher Robin was none other than Olga Felgemacher. Baird uses multiple stages in the same way that many movies these days have multiple screens. I guess he's very fashionable. Some of the puppets, like Piglet for example, seemed to be made out of some type of hard material, while Kanga and Roo were clearly stuffed animals. Piglet also had on a little green vest and shorts combination. I wonder why he was the only one aside from Christopher

Robin who was wearing clothing. When Kanga played a trick on Piglet and pretended that he was her kid Roo and gave him a bath, there ~~was~~ were splashing bath water sound effects and real soap suds. Well, as you might have guessed, Piglet was my favorite but that might be just because I love pigs because Pooh was really pretty good himself. After a very satisfying performance of "In and around the Hundred Acre Wood," Bill Baird himself appeared on the scene dressed in black pants, a black turtleneck, a shocking pink bandana and white hair. He's old. But young at heart. I think his wife is dead. He asked for a volunteer from the audience to help him out with the puppet he brought out to walk the tight rope. A little boy named Leonard was selected and you could just tell he was right for the job. He got very enthusiastic about doing nothing. Well the puppet happened to be a Negro and the whole scene just reeked of social comment. After the show I asked my niece and nephew what part they liked best and each independently of the other said, "The monkey on the tight rope." So there you go.

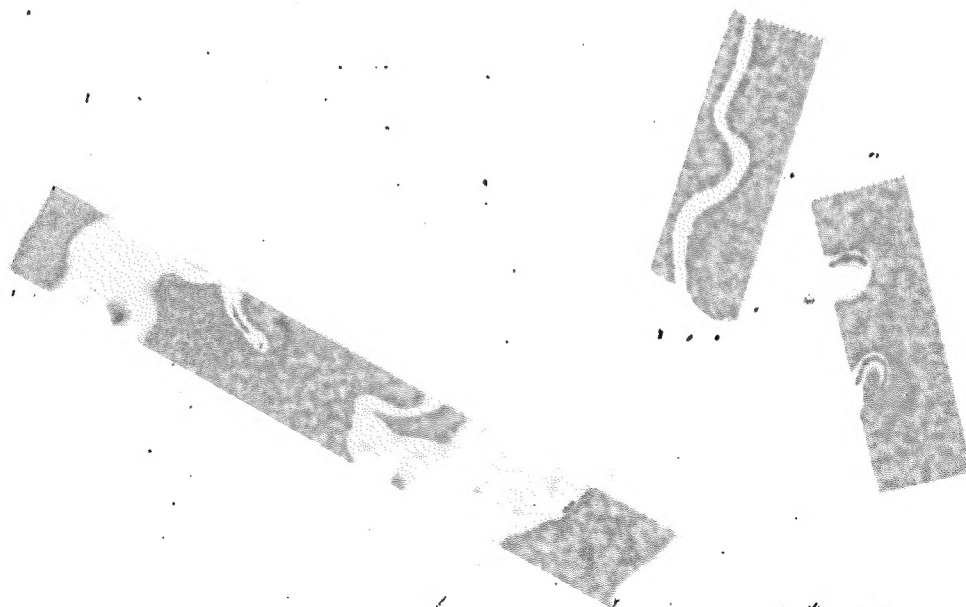
There was something like an outer space sequence where these eye type things on crutchlike arms hopped around the stage. Personally I hated the portion of the show called "A Selection of Puppet Virtuosity Embodying Many Styles and Types." But to each his own.....A few weeks ago, I went back to Hunter College, my alma mater, and saw a magic show, a collection of real oldtimers. But Frank Brents, magician, newcomer, was the hit of the show. He did one trick where he had eight pigeons pop out of a magic wand and just stand there and look at each other. Well I'll tell you it was quite impressivel It's plain to see that smiling Frank was the hit of the show.....On Saturday May 8 at 1 p.m.

I attended a performance of "Carmen" by the Amato Opera Company. It was at Town Hall and although it was a special children's version it was quite good. I've been told that the Amato Opera Company performs

free in parks in the summer, so if you have a chance why not walk over and see them some time?.....And now for movies. In the entertainment for children section of a Saturday newspaper "Lawrence of Arabia" is listed as a film for children. So I went to the Revoli to check it out. Well it cost me \$3.50 (which is a lot of money) and the movie ran three hours and one half (which is a long time even with the intermission). I really don't think any kid would enjoy sitting for that length of time, even with the high adventure. Another movie on the list was "Blue Water, White Death" at the Festival. I haven't seen this movie but it's about sharks and the ad looks pretty vicious. What kinds of things are they trying to push on kids these days? If a kid wants to see live animals, why not take him to the aquarium in Coney Island? There he will see a very nice baby white whale and across the street is the animal nursery, open daily from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m., admission 75¢. Here your kid can fondle the animal babies, and if he doesn't get bitten--which isn't really far-fetched because I was bitten once--he'll have a swell time.....Well it seems to me that it's a pretty hard job entertaining your children in this city with the choices at hand. So I would suggest making up your own things to do in your own house or apartment, such as raising sea monkeys, collecting Gumbies, or watching your cactuses grow.

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